nmer evening gowns should be distinctly different from those worn suring the winter months. Light silks, nets, laces, and generally cheaper ma terials may be pressed into service with good results, and even wash fabrics, provided they are tastefully made up. make alluring little evening dresses.

Alloyer net laces are being used to advantage in these gowns, not only with the silks, but with white and cream colored batistes, and flower sprigged marquisettes with which they combine

Soft but characterful colors are being used for evening now, rather than very ethereal looking tones and tints. A great deal also is being done with the idea of working out a design on a foun-dation, then partly sheathing it with a transparency. Especially in the use of summer materials have many novel effects been evolved through this treat-

One successful one is here shown made of charmeuse in soft, creamy yellow, with a transparent tunic of lace and a long sash of iris satin, finished with dull gold tassels. It is a delightful color combination-one well suited

The entire skirt is of the yellow charmeuse, though, if desired, the low-er part may be attached to a thin silk or net foundation. Over this is hung white net lace tunic skirt, longer on the right side than on the left, but draped up to the same height in back. One of the long sash ends is run under the tunic and the other over it.

The lace corsage has a net foundation and a pointed bib of yellow charmeuse rising above the girdle between the surpliced front edges. The sleeves are quite short and cut in one with the body

Whatever their material, one thing is certain, and that is that summer evening frocks were never yet so pretty as they are this season.

An Excellent Excuse.

From the Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.
"Toronto has a well-paid censor of
plays; also a committee of 40 citizens to exercise censorship over the censor ing of the censor. The 40 are unpaid, but their duty affords them an excellent excuse for attending all sorts of shows."



Evening gown of daffodil satin and

# Famous Women of History

small talk.

the nearest approach to a real Paris salon that London ever knew was presided over by an Irish woman. The distinctively British type does not lend itself to the gayety, the esprit, the intellectual thrust and parry of the con-versation in a typical salon. But your irishman, from bog trotter to peer, is sver talking, and wit is his saving grace whether he be Mr. Dooley or Bernard Shaw.

The childhood of Marguerite Power, who became Countess of Blessington, reads like a page from one of Lover's Irish novels. Her father was a typical squire, hot of temper, hard riding, hard drinking. He was a 'rale old Irish gentleman," who ground the faces of the tenants, who repaid him by mutilating his cattle and burning his hayricks.

His daughter seems to have inspired him with no more affection than his peasantry. Before she was 15 he married her, despite her piteous protests, to a certain Captain Maurice Farmer of the neighborhood. Captain Farmer knew that the girl detested the sight of him, so he forebore addressing her personally, but made his proposals to the father, supporting them by financial arguments which appealed to Power, who was chronically "broke." The father knew well enough that his daughter that the latter was subject to intermittent attacks of dangerous insanity, but, needing the money, he sold his child. She lived with her husband but three months, enduring the whife all sorts of physical brutality from him in his periodical fits of madness. At the end of that time the crasy captain was ordered to join his regiment,

As his wife could not live with him in camp, she returned to her parents' house, finding there but a cold welcome and the assurance that she must return to her husband when his period of service had expired. Happily for of service had expired. Happily for her the warrior in a fit of rage drew his sword on his colonel, and for this was expelled from the army. Not long after, drinking deep with some friends in Kings Bench Prison—in those old English debtors' prisons great laxity was permitted — he fell from a second story window and ended his tipsy and useless life. Shortly thereafter Squire Power died, boasting on his last day that the day before

on his last day that the day before he had taken his "usual four or five glasses of punch." Thus freed from about as worthless a pair of male relatives as ever afflicted

a young lady, Mrs. Farmer spent sev-eral years in obscurity, which is the more mysterious for that her biographers stubbornly refuse to enlighten us as to where and how she lived. But in 1816, being then 27 years old and seemingly well provided with this world's goods, she appeared in London and took up a house in Manchester Square. By dint of her beauty and her wit she speedily gathered about her a company of interesting people. Among these was the Earl of Blessington, a gentleman of fortune and with extravagant habits quite sufficient to prevent that fortune from growing any larger. He was fond of private theatricals, actresses, gay raiment, and beautifully adorned rooms. His first wife had died before he met Marquerite Farmer, but as he had spent \$20,000 on a stately, not to say stagy, funeral pageant in her honor and mourned her loyally for two years he thought that matrimonial

Mrs. Farmer was then in the perfection of matured beauty. "Her form," writes a chronicler of her time, "was exquisitely moulded, with an inclination to fulness, but no finer proportions could be imagined; her movements were pleasing and graceful at allo times." Blessington was captivated with her at once, and they were married in 1818. He took his bride to his Irish estate, Mountjoy Forest, where she was some-what overwhelmed to find her private sitting room "hung with crimson Genos silk velvet, trimmed with gold bullion fringe and all the furniture of equal richness—a richness that was only suit-

like Lords Palmerston, Russell and Ing any trace of Granny Fox. At last, Brougham; actors like Kemble and Matthews, the literary men and social lions of the city. It was the most brilliant all the time Granny Fox was lying in

Countess of Blessington-1789-1849, a royal progress. It was an intellectual By Willis, J. Abbot.

Perhaps it is not extraordinary that the cook in the preparations, Historic and literary shrines were sought out, and Lady Blessington tried her 'prentice hand on books of travel, doing them very readably. At Genoa she met Byron, whose weakness she de-scribed as "a flippancy incompatible with the nature we attach to the author of Child Harolde and Manfred, and a want of self possession and dignity that ought to characterize a man of book, "Conversations With Byron." is a most readable record of the poet's

> Nearing the end of this royal progress through Europe Blessington took ill in Paris and died. His estate was encumbered, his legacies many and generous. To his widow there remained only \$10,000 a year and a house in Sherman They had been living at the square. rate of \$50,000 who had readily forgotten her childhood's lessons in poverty, neither knew how nor tried to live on her reduced Her London entertainments were as splendid as ever, and she be-came the acknowledged head of London society. To make up 'the difference betwixt her income of \$10,000 and her expenditures, averaging \$30,000, she turned to writing. Her fashionable vogue aided somewhat the sale of her vels and articles, but the rising tide of bankruptcy could not be stemmed by so slight a bark. Her peace of mind was not enhanced by the fact that her house sheltered the famous exquisite, Count d'Orsay, whose personal debts exceeded \$600,000. As that was the era of imprisonment for debt, the noble count was precluded from taking

the air except on Sundays. The inevitable smash came in 1849, when the creditors by concerted action put bailiffs in the house and all of the treasures collected by Lord and Bady Blessington went under the hammer The total sum realized was about \$60. 000, though the collection was well worth three times the amount. None of the brilliant company that had

her aid in the days of her disaster, though it is pleasant to record that fine old Thackersy, who hated snobe, was seen wiping away surreptitious tears as he sat at the sale and say the art treasures of the rooms she that graced sold to atransers sold to strangers.

A stroke of apoplexy in Paris carried her off in 1849. Fortune, which had given her so unhappy a childhood, re-doubled its buffets as she drew near her end. For a woman who strove only to forward the gayety and the pleasure of her circle, her fate seems hard.

#### ABOUT MEN FOLK

By Edna K. Wooley.

Here is the plaint of an elderly woman after a shopping tour:

"T've about made up my mind," she began, "that the man clerk between the ages of 80 and 40 is the meanest thing going.

"The young clerks are anxious make good. They're polite and obliging, even if you don't look as if you had just stepped out of your limousine, They're anxious to get business for the firm and advance themselves,

"The man beyond 40 usually has family to take care of, and his hair is beginnig to turn gray. He is also beginning to think of old age. He wants and obliging. Also, he has learned than with it and hot water. Wash the pumice an in the old style coat and last year's hat may be the substantial buyer. Therefore he doesn't turn up his nose and look supercilious if you aren't gist to make up for you: wearing your Sunday best to go shop-

"The man between 30 and 40 is only looking for big game,
"He's probably had a little success

and thinks he is above being nice to ordinary shoppers. If he can't sell a srms are no more sightly bolt of dollar cretonne to a woman blotched, sunburned face, and turn his back on her and wait on some- arms and hands in condition at all, is body else. If a woman puts on her old to wear gloves constantly. Buttermilk duds to go and buy a rug, he'll look and sour milk ought to be plentiful in her up and down and have business the country, so take advantage of them at the other end of the department. as beauty aids. Douse your face with

cottage, and the clerk turned me over you can of it, for it, too, works like to a sixteen-year-old boy while he went to wait on a man who appeared more prosperous than I. The man made him The hair needs care and should be or two. isplay every rug in the place, I be ieve, and when the clerk was pretty well tired out and sweating beautifully, the customer bought a 50 cent rag rug.

I saw a pretty thing in a department

store yesterday.

There was a sale of women's and children's shoes, and I was inspecting some white pumps when I observed i babies' shoes were displayed. He wasn't a particularly prosperous looking man, but he had the happiest

eyes I ever saw. He was turning over those baby shoes tenderly and lovingly. I won-dered if it was his first baby, or if

feet to be shod. At any rate, from that man's face and the gentleness of his touch, I knew he was making somebody happy just by his daily life, whether he had much money or not. I knew, too, that if he had to skimp to buy shoes for his babies, he did it cheerfully, as an honor; and it dawned on me again that while mother love is wonderful, so is

father love just as wonderful and beau-

her household goods this spring, "may be I can speak for the movers. scratched up my furniture horribly this time and broke off every castor. They smelled awfully after whiskey, and I asked them why they couldn't keep sober till after they'd moved me, any

way.
"You see, it's this way, lady." said one of them, 'we tank up aforehand so's to stand the jawin' we know we al'ays gets."

> A Big Hand. From the Princeton Tiger.

"This," said the man of the house, a he mournfully surveyed three carpets and 10 rugs hanging on the clothes line,

### thronged her drawing rooms came to "is a combination hard to heat" Little Stories for Bedtime

Granny Fox Has Another Disappointment.

By Thornton W. Burgess, (Copyright, 1913, by J. G. Lloyd.) When Old Granny Fox found that Old Man Coyote was not at his usual napping place she was sure that Fox must have been very tupid, and thought that he saw him there when he didn't. She hurried to the Laughing Brook and waded in it for a little way in order to destroy her scent, so that Bowser the Hound would not know in which direction she had gone. You know water is always the friend of little animals You know water is who leave scent in their footsteps. Bowser came baying up to the edge of the Laughing Brook and there he stopped, for his wonderful nose could not follow Granny in the water, and he could not tell whether she had gone

up or down or across the brook.

But Bowser is not one to give up easily. No, indeed! He has learned many of Granny's tricks, and now he knew well enough what Granny had done. At least Bowser thought that

he knew.
"She'll wade a little way and then
she will come out of the water, so
all I have to do is to find the place where she has come out, and there I will find her tracks again," said he, and with his nose to the ground hurried down one bank of the Laughing

He went as far as he thought Granny could have waded, but there was no trace of her. Then he crossed the brook, and with his nose still to the ground ran back to the starting

place along the other bank. "She didn't go down the brook, so she must have gone up," said Bowser, and started up the brook as eagerly His town house in St. James square, to which the couple soon returned, was equally magnificent. To it there flocked on Lady Blessington's nights politicians like Lords Palmerston. Pursell of the city. It was the most brilliant cotsrie in town, winning its presminence through the beauty and charm of its mistress.

But Lord Blessington concluded he wanted to make a grand tour of the continent—and make it he did in state-lay style, devoting several years to the excursion. He took with him a cheff from the kitchen of the emperor, a whole batterie de cuisine taken from a club famous for good cooking, and such a train of grooms, valets, maids, and couriers as to make it seem like

gave it up and started for home, and all the time Granny Fox was lying in plain sight watching him. Yes, sir, she was watching him and laughing to herself. You see, she knew perfectly well that Bowser depends more on his nose to the ground he can see very little around him. So she had slimply waded down the Laughing. Yes, sir, she was watching him and laughing to herself. You see, she knew perfectly well that Bowser depends more on his nose to the ground he can see very little around him. So she had slimply waded down the Laughing. The continuent of the continent—and make it he did in state-lay style, devoting several years to the excursion. He took with him a chef from the kitchen of the emperor, a whole batterie de cuisine taken from a club famous for good cooking, and such a train of grooms, valets, maids, and couriers as to make it seem like.

Bowser had gone right past without seeing him.

Took it away from you!" "Took it away from you!" "Took it away from you!" of Granny. "What was it?" Tell me this instant! Who was it?" Told Man Coyote," "Old Man Coyote," old Granny Fox simply started at Peddy in low, frightened voice, old Granny Fox simply started at Peddy. She couldn't find a word to say. Instead of making trouble for old Granny Fox simply started at Peddy. She couldn't find a word to say. Instead of making trouble for old Granny "What was it?" Tell me this instant! Who was it?" Took it away from you!"

"Old Man Coyote," Peddy Granny Fox simply started at Peddy. She couldn't find a word to say. Instead of making to



fooled so much that for the time be ing she quite forgot about Old Man Coyote and the failure of her clever plan to make trouble for him.

But when Bowser the Hound had gone Granny remembered. She stopped laughing, and a look of angry dis-appointment filled her face as she trotted toward home. But as she trotted along her face cleared a little. "Any-

tered. When she reached home there sat Reddy on the doorstep, but there was no sign of the fat hen, and Reddy looked very uneasy and frightened. "Where's that fat hen I caught?" demanded Granny, crossly.

"I-I-I'm sorry, Granny, but haven't got it," said Reddy. "Haven't got it," snapped Granny.
"What's the matter with you, Reddy.
Fox? Didn't you see me throw it in the
grass when I ran past the place where you were hiding, and didn't you know

"Yes," replied Reddy. "I saw you throw it in the grass, and I went out and got it, but on my way home I met some one who took it away from

enough to go and get it?"

# Health and Beauty Helps

The Summer Girl Again. The girl who spends her summer usticating on a farm has to follow a very different set of rules from the one who puts in the time at a fashionable hotel. Hotel life means being on parade all the time. Every action is open to criticism and one must keep one's self looking as precisely fit every moment as though it were midseason in town. A certain assumed carelessness there is, to be sure, about summer attire, but it is only assumed and often requires more painstaking effort to accomplish than it does to grown one's self conventionally cor-

rectly. In the country it is different, and there is grave danger that in "run-ning wild" one may neglect the precautions that will enable one to cope with the beauty question when fall comes with its "back to town."

Tan and freckles and sunburn are easily courted, and washing one's face in hard water, as is frequently necessary in the country, only makes it easier for the elements to get in their damaging work, so, to begin with, insist always upon having a little borax in the water. If the skin is already rough or shows blemishes brought to the surface by the searching sun, then invest in a few cents worth of finely powdered pumicestone to keep his job. Therefore he is polite and rub the face well but very gently dressed thoroughly off with a lather of soap women is only 'looking,' while the wom- and water, rinse with clear, warm water. plenty of it, and rub in a good, healing cream. If you do not know one, take the following formula to your drug-

Rose water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce, and salicylic acid,

one-half dram.

Anoint the face, neck, and arms with this cream every night, for red, blistered blotched, sunburned face, and the only who wants a 20 cent variety, he'll alternative, i f you are to keep your "I was tickled today, though, over sour milk every day if you can; it is a one of these clerks who sot left. I magic whitener and keeps the skin soft wanted some jute rugs for the summer as well, and then drink buttermilk—all



Frances Starr gathering wild flow ers for health and beauty.

kept covered on too bright days, and the sunbonnet shields both hair and

Then, here is another suggestion. If you are spending the whole summer in the country , gather the flowers there for your beauty aids. There is nothing better than clover tea for the complex-Just gather the blossoms, them, then steep and drink the tea three times a day. Out of rose petals you can make a perfect and harmless rouge, infinitely preferable to any you can buy. Crush the petals in a little extract of rose or in pure alcohol,

most delicious sachet powder, and a daisies or dandelions. Of the healthgiving properties of balsam and pine every one knows, and it have to fetch home enough of the needles for a pillor

For Shopper Housekeeper

Beauty Zint

Unless you are certain that the face powder which you are using contains no white lead or other deleterious inyoung man at the counter where the gredient, it is advisable to use around the eyes a powder which is beneficial rather than injurious. This powder, which is often used in treatment of the eyes, is not as satisfactory for general uses, as are others designed for the purpose, but it answers for use in close proximity to the eyes and is there were more than one pair of little perfectly safe for that purpose, Hand Made Things.

Have you ever thought that there was something holy about work done with hands?

Craftsmanship of all sorts appeals to one. In those schools where the teaching of deficient children is a specialty, it is impossible, many times, to reach the imprisoned intellect in any other way than through the hands. The simplest tasks are taught to the fingers; weaving, twisting paper, tying, in fact those arts which were first "The roofers and movers must be up expressed by the human race. Gradually against a terribly hard proposition, is the appeal made to the brain from said a judge of the juvenile court. "I the finger tips; and at last, in many get more roofers and movers in my cases, the entire being seems to awake, court than any other class of men." called forth from its prison house of "Well," said a woman who moved flash. Craftsmanship is now being applied

with splendid results in homes and institutions where wayward girls are cared for and some of the most handsome specimens of our hand made baskets today are said to be the result of the across the back, thus making them handiwork of these girls, many of whom find their salvation through busy hands as they weave the reed and wicker back and forth in fanciful and artistic designs. Beautiful idea, isn't it, and apparently a practical one too. Self-Heating Curler.

With no exception the cleverest invention I have seen in many moons, was the self-heating curler shown me at a popular Fifth street shop week. It looks just like any other curling iron except that it is peppered with little holes. Investigation shows that the iron is really hollow and is filled with asbestos. When this is dipped into a bottle of alcohol it will absorb spoonful or more. Then a match is touched to the iron and when the alcohol is burned out the iron will be exactly the right temperature to curl your tresses. And the price, why it's no more than for an ordinary iron. Now isn't that worth knowing?

Home Helps. When polishing floors make a thick pad of felt or velvet and fasten it over an old wornout and hairless broom This makes an excellent polisher and saves the trouble of kneeling on the

To remove smoke marks from cellings, mix a thick pasts of starch and water and with a clean flannel spread it over the mark. Allow to get dry thoroughly, then brush off with a soft brush and the marks will have disappeared. When cleaning mirrors and windows

sprinkle a few drops of metal polish upon a cloth and rub over the glass. Leave to dry, then polish with a clean cloth. This is the quickest and easiest way to clean them.

Baspberry Shortcake.

One pint of bread flour, quarter of a cup of butter, a tablespoon of sugar, teaspoons baking powder. Mix well and add 1 well-beaten egg and sweet milk enough to make a soft dough. Cut way, Reddy and I will have a good the dough into halves and roll out half dinner on that fat hen I caught in Farmer Brown's dooryard," she mut-melted butter, roll out the other half the dough into halves and roll out half melted butter, roll out the other half and lay on top. Bake in hot oven. When done lift apart where buttered Crush the berries, sweeten well, put fruit on the tops and serve with cream if desired. If these directions are followed the cake will melt in your mouth Beads, Beads, Beads.

Following closely in the wake of the New York shops one of the Fifth street shops is displaying a number of the new opera length chains in imitation Persian ivory and in the crystal beads in pink, blue and yellow. The new "opera length" reaches to the waist and the beads are to be worn with summer gowns. Recent arrivals from New York bring the word that that city is bead mad and that the smartest gowned women are laden with beads of gorgeous hues and gigantic sizes.

Deviled Sardines. Just sounds like sandwiches and a picnic lunch.—a wooded spot and a running brook. Funny isn't it how fast one's Imagination works when eavithing that smacks of the open is mentioned. Well if you just want to top off your picnic luncheon take along a dozen sandwiches made of deviled sardines These tasty little fish after being put up in oil are ground and have added to them some alluring spices that make them extremely appetizing and palat-able. They are to be found in the grocery department of a big Fifth street Bathing Shoes,

the family may be easily and cheaply made at home, says Mothers Magazine. They are strong enough to protect the feet from the little stones on the beaches, and so light that you will hardly feel them at all. Many swimmers object to the regular bathing boots as being somewhat in the way, but these homemade ones are so very light as to cause no inconvenience. Take an old pair of stockings (if they match bathing suit so much the better,) and cut them off just below the knee If they come higher they are apt to hinder a swimmer's movements. the top edges and cut and buttonhole little slits all around, about one inch below the hem. Buy a pair of cork or loofah soles (or if you have an old The pair of light slippers you can use the soles,) and slip into the feet of the stockings, fastening them on well. Then, run a wide tape, or ribbon, if you prefer, through the slits at the top and tie around the leg, and you have a pair

> cost at all Aprons For The Kitchen. are being sold at very small prices at one of the down town shops. They ood looking aprone are of the all-over style, are round necked and have wide short sleeves and a pocket and are finished with a strap semi-fitting. They come in both light and dark colors and for less than one

of really good bathing boots for no

could make them.
, Salt Rising Bread.

At night take one-half of a cupful of corn meal and a small pinch of sugar and salt each, scald with new milk heated to the boiling point and mix to the thickness of mush. I usually make this up in the cup. Wrap in a clean cloth and put in a warm place overnight. In the morning take a onegallon stone jar and in this put one scant cup of new milk. Add a level tea spoonful of sait and one of sugar. Scald this with three cups of water, heated to the boiling point. I would advise a milk thermometer to insure success. Re duce the temperature to 108 degrees with cold water. Then add flour mix to a good batter and lastly mix four "starter" that was made the before, Cover with a plate, Put this stone jar in a large kettle of water and keep this water at a temperature of 108 degrees until the sponge rises. It should rise at least an inch and one half. When it has raised mix to a stiff dough and make into the loaves and put into pans. Do not let the heat out of the dough while working. Grease your loaves well on the top and set your bread where it will be and raise. After the loaves rise bake in a medium oven for one hour and ten minutes. After taking loaves from oven wrap up well in bread cloth.

Fashion Flashes. Some of the new "plumeless millin-



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ery" has plumes made of flowers and Young girls like the cotton blouses

with Balkan embroidery for out-of-d Some of the odd summer brassleres are made of pink linen and crepe de

Paradise plumes and aigrettes are being used for evening and reception

The newest heavy sweaters for country wear come this year in very bright

Bright greens, blues and red are being used for odd silk boleros worn white gowns. Lawn, voile, crepe, eponge and ba-tiste are the favored materials for graduation dresses.

Slipper bags to carry to the opera now have detachable cotton linings, One of the new reps with a sliky finish is particularly good for the severer tallored suits.

in Paris short draped mantelets of flowered silk are worn over lingeria and lace gowns.

The same bright colors used for women are a feature in the children's dresses of this season. With white or creamy linen silk costumes there is nothing like kid

gloves of a creamy tone. Some of the new cotton volles have Dresden flower designs printed in very

### IN STAGELAND

The Photo Drama company of New York announces a forthcoming "raovietization" of "The Last Days of Porapeli." The feature will be released in eight

An authority says that the hardest thing a vaudeville actor has to learn is when to finish his act. A suffering public will agree with him.

Homet Lind, for several seasons a member of the Henry W. Sawage English grand opera company, will appear next fall in a new play entitled "A man from Yesterday."

Benjamin E, Wallace, the Indiana circus king, is to retire from the amuse ment business, and a syndicate has been formed to purchase from him the Hagenback-Wallace shows. This removes from the amusement field the largest individual owner of circus property in the world.

One of the new plays promised pro-duction next season is "The Fugitive," by J. S. Woodhouse, a Des Moines newspaper writer. Its theme is an arraignment of convict labor, and the plot is said to have been suggested by the unexpected meeting of an actor now prominent on the stage, and his father, a Bathing shoes for any member of

### The Ragtime Muse

Musings of a Mollycoddle.

do not care to lead a life that's stren-I'm fond of peace and quietude and The thread of mortal life is frail and And it is short at best.

find no joy in physical activities, And these, invariably almost, I shirk; They are—oh, I confess my sad pro-cellvities— So very much like work.

Good health I prize, of course; 'tis quite commendable;' And by mere strength I truly set some store,
For sturdy limbs are surely most dependable—
But I love comfort more!

the garish day is for men broad and muscular, Who love the sunshine and the beating storm.
They's welcome, sirs! my habits are crepuscular There I run true to form!

To run, to row, to leap, ride-all or variously; To box, fence, wrestle-these are lots of fun; mean, you understand, when done vi-cariously— I always hire them done!

Perhaps my course will some day make a wreck of me; Perhaps my system, after all, is wrong;
But why should I break back or leg or neck of me
In trying to be strong?

Among the Cobwebs.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat. Bishop Candler, of Atlanta, apropos f worldly parsons, said the other day: "There was a worldly parson of this type in Philadelphia—a great foxhunter whom a Spruce street Quaker took in

"'Friend,' said the Quaker, 'I understand thee's very clever at fox-catch-'I have few equals and no superiors at that sport,' the parson complacently

replied. "'Nevertheless, friend,' said the Quaker. 'if I were a fox I would hide where thee would never find me.

"'Where would you hide?" asked the parson, with a frown, "'Friend,' said the Quaker, 'I would 'ilde in thy study.' ".

## TEA AND BREAKFAST

By Oscar Tschirky,

Cracknels, Philadelphia—Place half a pound of sweet almonds which have been blanched in a mortar and pound them finely, then mix half a dozen well beaten eggs with them, one at a time. Now warm one pound of butter slightly and stir into it a pound of caster sugar, and mix the whole in with the pounder almonds. Next mix in a pound of flour, place the whole on a bread board and kneed it well. Dredge a little flour over the paste and roll it out, cut it into any desired shapes, brush each portion over with a brush dipped into the beat en yolk of an egg and sprinkle with Place the cracknels in a buttered baking dish and leave in a moderate oven till they are lightly browned. Cracknels are liable to burn, and must

Breakfast Cakes-Dissolve a cake of yeast in half a pint of warm milk and stir in sufficient flour to make a batter. Pur it aside to rise. Warm a quarter of a pound of butter and mix it with a little milk and a teaspoonful of salt, logether with the yolks of eight eggs. Beat this up well and mix in with the batter, with enough more flour to make a dough. This is to be but lightly kneaded, and then to be formed into cakes about two inches in thickness, Place these in well buttered hoops which are to be laid on well greased baking sheets. When the dough has risen put in a warm oven and bake are to be eaten in thick slices with butter.

be watched carefully.

Biccuits la Rose-In a quart of flour sift a teaspoonful of cooking soda and a little salt, make a hollow in the center of the mixture, into which pour a pint of buttermilk and make a dough, rolling it out as soft as possible and kneading it flat with the open hands. Let it lie for, say, 10 minutes, that the soda may work, then knead it once more Cut into shapes with a cutter and bake in a moderate oven.

#### NEWPORT TO GET TWO DOZEN PAIRS PHEASANTS

Newport, Or., July 12.—The Newport Commercial club has received word from State Game Warden Finley that it would receive as per its request last spring, two dozen pairs of Chinese pheasants for liberation here. The club is asked in return to see that the pheasints are protected as well as possible till they have become established. The phensants were exterminated in this section some years ago by game hogs

ley's Experience-Her Own Story Here Told.

Should Profit by Mrs. Hur-

Eldon, Mo.-"I was troubled with displacement, organic inflammation and female weakness For two years 1



walk two blocks without enduring cutting and drawing pains down my right side which increased once a month. have been at that Itime purple in the

face and would walk the floor. I could not lie down or sit still sometimes for s day and a night at a time. I was nervous, had very little appetite, no ambition, melancholy. and often felt as though I had not a friend in the world.

"After I had tried most every female remedy first, without success, my mother-in-law advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and gained in strength every day. I have now no trouble in any way and highly praise your medi-cine. It advertises itself."-Mrs. S. T. HURLEY, Eldon, Missouri.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For sale everywhere.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displace ments.inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it?



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